

Showdown

by Elektra

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RATING: Rated R.

SUMMARY: In an alternate universe, Spike and Angelus team up for a little showdown with Buffy and Willow.

CONTENT: S/W, A(us)/B, C/D

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This fanfiction was inspired by the Lenny Kravitz version of American Woman. The lyrics are unimportant, but the music behind it works well with this piece. Try reading it while you're

listening to the song sometime. The song is the fourth track on the Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me soundtrack. You should be able to figure out when to turn it on.

Buffy looked at her watch. "Almost sundown. They should be here soon," she said as her eyes scanned the horizon for any sign of movement.

"A-are you sure they're gonna show?" Willow said, timidly.

Buffy looked at her friend and grinned. "Spike and Angelus back down from a dare? Not likely." She winked. "They'll be here; don't you worry."

"Worry? Me worry? Why would I worry? Just cuz, you know, the whole blood sucking thing. And-and the whole sexual attraction thing? No, No, I'm not worried. Do I sound worried?" Willow's hands roamed over her face. "Do-do-do I look worried?"

Buffy grinned. "You look just fine. Actually," she gave Willow's outfit a once over, "you look more than fine. You're going to knock his socks off. Well, that is if he wears socks." Buffy's brow wrinkled. "Does he? Angelus doesn't believe in undergarments, so you know what that means." She wiggled her eyebrows as Willow flushed a bright red. "No socks!"

"Buffy!" Willow tapped Buffy's arm playfully. "Stop teasing!"

Willow blushed.

"What was that Will? Come again. I didn't quite catch that the first time."

"I'm not saying it again, Buffy. I know you got the picture. Are you sure this looks OK on me? I mean, it isn't exactly what I usually wear. Where'd you get this anyway? Frederick's of Hollywood?" Willow looked down at black lace dress she was wearing and proceeded to yank desperately at the neckline. "I-I-I don't think I'm supposed to be falling out of the top like this."

"Stop Willow." Buffy grabbed Willow's wrists and forced her hands from the neckline of her dress. "That's exactly what it's supposed to look like. Besides, he has to love it. He picked it himself."

Willow's jaw dropped. "What-what do you mean he picked it out himself? I thought this was supposed to be a surprise."

Buffy grinned. "Don't worry. He won't suspect a thing." Willow looked at Buffy, her brow wrinkling in confusion. "Oh! I forgot you sorta missed that part. OK, it came out the other night during truth or dare. I'm a little fuzzy on the details but I do remember that Spike was pretty out of it by the time he got around to picking out that dress." Buffy grinned. "I suppose you want details, huh?"

Willow nodded her head emphatically.

"OK, Cordy dared you to call Spike and tell him how you felt about him. You remember that part, right?"

Willow nodded. "Yeah," she grimaced, "I remember the dare part. I just don't remember the phone call very well."

Buffy grinned. "Well, it did take three beers to get you to call."

"I still can't believe I drank that stuff!"

"Me either! The Harris family home-brew, what were you thinking? Anyway, so you called and apparently piqued his interest because he hauled ass over to Cordy's house. You remember when he and Angelus got there, right?"

Willow frowned. "Kinda."

"OK, here's where it starts getting a little blurry for me too. I think it was the third time around the circle that horny vamp tricks started coming out. Angelus got me first, with that dare to do the striptease."

Willow grinned. "He really didn't think you'd do it."

Buffy giggled. "Tell me about it. I think his jaw stayed on the ground for the rest of that round. Not that Spike was fairing any better after that phone sex call you made to Xander." Buffy winked. "I always knew you had it in you."

Willow laughed. "Yeah, the best part is how Xander keeps telling me about this sophisticated older woman who called him the other night and 'made a man out of him'. I think I'm gonna do it again sometime."

Buffy winked. "Not if Spike has anything to say about it. Anyway, that's when Cordelia decided the guys were getting a little too big for their britches." Buffy grinned wickedly, "Pun intended. So, she set up this whole dare thing basically guaranteeing that we'd both get some action."

Willow grinned. "Which keeps us away from Xander."

Buffy nodded. "Exactly. Anyway, you passed out in the middle of the next round so I got to go twice." Buffy grinned broadly. "First, I made Angelus go masturbate on the front lawn. Personally, I think he enjoyed that one a little too much."

"He knew you were watching. Of course he enjoyed himself!"

"True. Now why didn't I think of that in the first place?"

"Uhhh, two-word explanation for you: Angelus naked."

Buffy grinned. "OK, that was a total duh! I don't know why that never occurred to me. Actually, nevermind. I remember exactly why it didn't. Is it getting hot out here or is it just me?" Buffy giggled. "Anyway, after we did that one, Cordy went and set up the longevity contest. Speaking of which, we're totally going to waste them tonight. That is if Angelus is able to find his way through all these straps and buckles. I still can't believe he picked this out."

Willow looked at Buffy's leather dominatrix-inspired dress. "He picked that one out? I should have guessed; it does sort of scream Angelus."

Buffy grinned. "True, it does."

"So when did they pick these out?"

"Oh! Sorry. So Cordelia set up the whole "who can outlast who" thing and then they chickened out and took a truth on me, so I decided to get even. I got out Cordy's Frederick's catalog and made them each pick the one garment they liked the most. Voila! Their wish is my command, so to speak! Don't worry. They were so smashed by that time, I don't think they could possibly put two and two together. Besides, you know they're going to play dirty pool with the whole leather thing tonight. I say we try and beat them at their own game."

Willow looked at her doubtfully. "Buffy, if Spike turns on the bad boy sexual charisma, there's no way I'm gonna make it."

Buffy wrinkled her nose. "I know what you mean. What's worse is that I know Angelus is going to do it. He knows what it does to me. I don't know why Cordy gave the first round to them."

Willow smirked. "You know it's all about Xander. She wants guaranteed action for both of us." Willow's smirk faded and she swallowed around the heavy jumble of nerves that lodged in her throat. "Guaranteed action? Buffy, I don't know if I'm ready for guaranteed action!"

"Willow! Pull yourself together. This isn't the time to panic. You'll be fine. We'll both be fine. You don't need any protection with him. Vamps are sterile; you know that. He'll be careful. Cordy made him promise before he left the other night."

"What do you mean Cordy made him promise! Why does everyone assume that we're going to cave?"

Buffy cocked her left eyebrow.

"OK, point taken. We're going to cave. We're totally going to cave. But-"

Buffy grinned. "Just enjoy it, Willow. You know they're going to put on a display tonight and I for one can't wait. I know the whole testosterone thing is totally anti-women's lib but tonight I don't care." Buffy rubbed her hands together eagerly.

Willow looked at Buffy for a moment before giving in. "You're right. I just have to relax and enjoy myself. I mean it probably won't happen again after tonight so-"

"Uhhh Will, I wouldn't count on that."

"Why do you say that?"

"Uhhh, because during one of the truth rounds Spike kinda said that what he wanted most in the world was to spend every moment with you until he dies. But don't say anything because you aren't supposed to know."

Willow gasped. "You mean-"

"Yeah," Buffy smiled, "welcome to the first day of the rest of your life. God, did that sound like a bad Hallmark card or what?"

"Well, but what about Angelus?"

"What do you mean? Do I think this is going to be all hearts and flowers for me too?" Willow nodded. "Nah, dominatrix is more his style." Buffy gestured at her dress. "I'm sure this will be a one time thing and then he'll be moving on. I mean look at the dress Spike picked out for you. It practically screams romantic encounter. Look at this thing. To me, this dress says 'knock me down and fuck me'. Hardly the kind of thing you'd want to bring home to mother."

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. Maybe he just has a thing for buckles? I mean he does have a major leather fetish. Maybe it's a whole livestock/rodeo thing."

"Oh great, I'm surprised he didn't just pick out a saddle then."

"They have saddles in Frederick's of Hollywood!"

Buffy glared at Willow.

"OK, my bad. Sorry."

Willow felt her heart leap as she looked over Buffy's shoulder and saw the outline of Spike's car against the horizon. "Uhhh Buffy, we've got company." As she spoke, Willow noticed the outline of several other vehicles following closely behind Spike. "And-and they aren't alone."

Buffy spun on the heel of her high-heeled boot. "Shit. This isn't right. It's got to be a setup." She turned to Willow. "You need to get out of here. I don't know what's coming. If something happens to me, you need to get to Giles."

"Buffy, I'm not leaving you. I won't let you do this alone. See, resolve face."

Buffy looked at Willow's best attempt at bravado and sighed. "OK, just stay with me." She pulled a stake out of the black lace garter on her right thigh. She tossed the stake in her hands a few times before handing it over to Willow. "Never leave home without it."

Willow looked at the stake in her hands. "But-but-but what are you going to use?"

Buffy winked. "My feminine charms. Oh, and maybe that pile of stakes over there." Buffy discreetly pointed to a pile of stakes lying on the ground a short distance away before smiling. "A slayer must always be prepared, so sayeth Giles."

Willow looked at the empty stretch of desert that surrounded them. Except for the occasional cactus, there was no cover as far as the

eye could see. "Remind me why we're out here again."

Buffy grimaced. "Cordelia. She had this big idea about making this an official showdown complete with the barren, desolate landscape." Buffy paused. "Wait, you don't think she set this up on purpose do you? Getting rid of the competition?"

Willow frowned. "I-I don't think so."

Buffy turned her attention back to the approaching vehicles. She watched as Spike's car pulled to a halt several yards away. The remaining vehicles began to circle it.

"Buffy, is it just me or is that really weird? I mean, it looks like they're closing in for the kill."

Buffy frowned. "You're right. This is weird."

Buffy and Willow watched as slowly, one by one, each vehicle peeled away from its predatory circling and parked forming a narrow path between Spike's car and Buffy and Willow. Car doors opened and a small mob of vampires began to collect along the path.

"Buffy, do you get the feeling that this has nothing to do with us?" As Willow spoke, the members of the mob turned their attention to the figures sitting motionless within Spike's car. "I-I think they're out for Spike and Angelus. We should go help them!"

Buffy's hand closed around the top of Willow's arm preventing her from moving. "Wait Will, this could still be a trap."

Buffy watched as a skinny guy in ripped jeans and a leather vest climbed on top of his car with a large portable stereo system. "What the hell?" Buffy and Willow looked at one another in confusion. They turned their attention back to the mob as the sound of a heavy, grinding guitar riff filled the air.

Uh

The doors of Spike's car swung open; booted feet and thick, muscular, leather-covered legs appeared.

"Buffy, look!"

"Shhhhh" Buffy cut Willow off with a quick look before turning her attention back to the scene that was unfolding in front of her.

Slowly, Spike and Angelus emerged from the car.

American Woman, stay away from me

American Woman, mama let me be

Don't come hangin' 'round my door

I don't wanna see your face no more

I got more important things to do

Than spend my time growin' old with you

Now Woman, stay away

American Woman, listen what I say-ay-ay

Spike took a long, slow drag off his cigarette, enjoying the feeling of smoke curling and dancing within his withered lungs. He exhaled a long, thin stream of smoke before throwing his cigarette to the ground. What a spot of luck, he thought. Nothing like a bit of violence to get the blood pounding. Human blood, that is. He looked at Angelus and telegraphed that thought with a predatory grin.

Willow gasped at the look that passed between the two male vampires, but Buffy didn't hear it because Angelus had her complete and undivided attention. He stood beside the car unmoving as he surveyed the scene in front of him. The tail of his duster flapped against a gentle breeze providing fleeting glimpses at the muscular body it screened.

Suddenly, Angelus' gaze shifted from the crowd before him and his intense eyes met hers across the distance. Buffy swallowed heavily as she recognized the look for what it was. Someone thought they could keep him from her. He was about to show them differently. He looked at Spike and his lips spread into a predatory grin of his own.

American Woman, get away from me

American Woman, mama let me be

Don't come knockin' 'round my door

I don't wanna see your shadow no more

Coloured lights can hypnotize

Sparkle someone else's eyes

Now Woman, get away

American Woman, listen what I say-ay-ay

Angelus nodded at Spike and they both eased away from the car and sauntered confidently down the path. Both Spike and Angelus looked as if they didn't have a care in the world. Buffy shuddered as she felt the power radiating off them. She smiled. Sometimes being a slayer does have its perks, she thought.

Buffy and Willow watched in horror as a particularly well-muscled vampire withdrew from his position in the mob and closed in behind Angelus and Spike. They both opened their mouths to warn them but it was too late. Before they could say anything, the thug leapt at Angelus' back. Angelus tensed as he felt the slight shift in the air that heralded his attackers' movements. Stupid fuck, he thought as he swung his leg, catching his attacker under the chin. Buffy heard the vampire's neck crack from the force of Angelus' blow.

Uh

Angelus looked at Spike and smirked before shifting his duster back into place.

Spike looked down at the broken figure that now littered the path. "Bloody moron," he sneered before reaching under his duster and pulling out a stake. "You really picked the wrong time to fuck with 'im. Didn't even take the time to do a proper job. I'll have to fix that one for ya, eh?" Spike leaned over and drove his stake through the other vampire's forehead. "There now. Peaches will know exactly who you are the next time we meet up." He grinned.

Angelus put a hand on Spike's shoulder. "Now that was a waste. Do you know how much fun you could have had with that thing a little later? Round off the end, polish it up, and I'm sure Willow'd get a scream out of it."

"You're one sick fuck, you know that?"

Angelus grinned smugly. "I know," he said, before turning and continuing down the path.

Willow shuddered as she heard Spike's menacing laugh drift over the music.

American Woman, said get away

American Woman, listen what I say

Don't come hangin' 'round my door

Don't wanna see your face no more

I don't need your war machines

I don't need your ghetto scenes

Coloured lights can hypnotize

Sparkle someone else's eyes

As Spike followed Angelus, a petite brunette stepped boldly in front of him. She smiled up at him, licking her lips seductively. He watched her with glittering eyes as she ran her hand down his chest and grabbing a handful below his beltline. Spike responded to her actions with a slow, sexy grin. He placed a hand on either side of her face and pulled her closer to him.

Now Woman, get away

American Woman, listen what I say-ay-ay

American Woman, stay away from me

American Woman, mama let me be

"Sorry Luv, your mum should have taught you better manners. I've had a better offer." The girl's eyes widened briefly as she felt the force of his fingers pressing down into her skull. With a swift flick of his wrists Spike cracked the girl's neck and dropped her to the

ground.

Angelus smirked. "Don't you just hate those raging female hormones," he said sarcastically.

"Yeah, they're bloody awful," Spike replied.

Angelus looked at him for a moment.

"Yer right, who am I kidding!" Spike shot a look over Angelus' shoulder. "Think she'll be jealous?"

Angelus shook his head. "Come on, let's go. I've got people to do tonight."

I gotta go, I gotta get away,

Babe I gotta go, I wanna fly away

I'm gonna leave you woman

Bye-bye, Bye-bye

Bye-bye

Bye-bye

The remaining vampires backed away as Spike and Angelus made the last leg of their journey. Clearly these two meant business and didn't feel like taking part in any of their little reindeer games. Angelus grinned. The smell of fear is so good in the morning, he thought.

Spike and Angelus stood in front of their respective quarries and looked down at them through eyes veiled with heavy lids. Buffy shuddered as Angelus' eyes slowly took inventory of every inch of her body. "Nice dress," he said, leveling his lust darkened eyes on her. "I didn't think you'd actually have the guts to wear it in public."

"You know me, can't resist a challenge."

Angelus grinned sexily. "Don't I know it."

You're no good for me

And I'm no good for you

Gonna look you right straight in the eye

Tell you what I'm gonna do

Without breaking eye contact, Angelus reached up and ran his thumbnail over Buffy's jugular. She shuddered as shockwaves rippled

through her body. "Did you send them?" He said it almost casually, as though he was attempting to make the answer appear unimportant. "Did you ask them to keep us away?"

Buffy looked at him for a moment. This was Angelus? The scourge of Europe cared if she sent a mutant mob after them? The guy who just knocked someone's block off? She cocked her index finger at him and he leaned in closer, their faces nearly touching. A ghost of a smile appeared on Buffy's lips before she leaned over and ran her tongue along the length of his neck.

"What was it Cordy said? Oh yeah, Hello salty goodness." Buffy winked at him. "You're a smart man. You tell me if I was responsible for that mess."

He pulled her tightly against him. "I think I've got my answer." Angelus pulled her mouth to his and ravished it with passionate kisses.

I'm gonna leave you woman

You know I gotta go

I'm gonna leave you woman

I gotta go

I-I-I gotta go

Spike was too preoccupied to noticed his sire's conquest. He slowly circled around Willow. He could hear her heart beating rapidly. She was afraid and more than a little turned on. "Love the dress, pet." Willow shivered as he gently ran a deathly-cool finger across the bare skin at the small of her back. He smiled. "Cold?"

Spike closed the distance between them until the front of his body brushed against her back. He leaned forward, his mouth close to her ear.

I gotta go, American Woman

Yeah

"They weren't going to stop us," he whispered into her ear before giving her earlobe a lick, "we could smell you." At that, Willow whimpered and her knees gave out. Spike caught gently caught her and pulled her against his chest.

Angelus looked up momentarily as he heard Willow whimper. He grinned. "I think we can assume we won."

~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~

A short distance away, a brunette head peaked out from behind a cactus before quickly returning to its hiding place.

"Mission accomplished," the figure whispered into a cellular phone. "They never knew what hit them."

"That's great, Toots. It'll keep 'em out of my hair for awhile."

You're sure they fell for it?"

"Hook, line and sinker. They bought it all, even the whole Xander thing." Cordelia shuddered at the thought of getting back together with her ex.

Doyle grinned. "You sure it's all an act? I'm sure you could get together with him if you wanted to."

"As if! He's been with Faith! Do you know all the communicable diseases he probably has? I can't even pronounce half of them!"

Doyle chuckled. "Ok, I get the picture. I'll see you back at home base, Toots."

"With bells on, I hope."

"Oh, I was planning on significantly less than that, but we can do bells if you want."

Cordelia grinned. "Ooh, kinky! I love it. See you soon."

With one last quick look at the couples passionately embracing in the sand, Cordelia ran over to one of the parked cars and climbed in the back seat.

"Our work's done here," she said to the vampire in the front seat. "Let's get out of here." Without uttering a word, the vampire peeled out leaving Angelus, Buffy, Spike and Willow kissing passionately in the moonlight.

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End
file.